



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Thrall- President's Death. 1865.

6302
178



US 6302.178

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

572

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN

CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH:

A MEMORIAL SERVICE,

HELD AT THE REQUEST OF THE

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

BY REV. S. C. THRALL, D. D.,

Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, New York.

1865

THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH
A NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.
THE PRESIDENT'S CHARACTER
A TREASURE OF MEMORY.

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN

CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS,

Sunday Morning, April 23, 1865,

AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN THAT CHURCH, ON THE REQUEST OF THE

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

BY REV. S. C. THRALL, D. D.,

Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, New York.

NEW ORLEANS:

Printed at Rea's Steam Press, 48 Magazine street.

1865.

u8 6302.178

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE
APPOINTED BY THE
OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY
IN NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS, April 27, 1865.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY IN NEW ORLEANS:

Your Committee believing that the Address delivered at Christ Church, by the Reverend S. C. THALL, D. D., on Sunday, the 23d instant, in memorial of the tragic death of your late Commander-in-Chief, the President of the United States, contains a truthful analysis of his character, and pays a just tribute to the admirable traits of his head and heart; and that you would desire to preserve a record in some permanent form, of the action you took in honor of his memory; and in order that your brother officers, who were unable to participate in the solemnities of the occasion, may in some measure enjoy the same pleasure in reading that you did in hearing the Address, have, at the suggestion of the present, and also of the former Commanding General of the Department of the Gulf, obtained a copy for publication as here printed.

The notice of the service taken from the Picayune, and the correspondence between your Committee and the Rev. Dr. THALL, published with the Address, explains their action, and the deep interest manifested by the Rector, Wardens, Vestry, and Members of Christ Church, in an event that has drowned a nation and the whole world in tears—clad your country in the habiliments of sorrow, and your hearts in mourning.

E. B. BROWN, Brigadier General Volunteers.

E. G. BECKWITH, Colonel U. S. Army.

G. F. EMMONS, Captain U. S. Navy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 23, 1865.

REV. DR. THRALL:

Sir—On behalf of the Committee of Army and Navy officers, appointed to confer with you, I am requested to ask, that if agreeable to you, a copy of your Address delivered to-day upon the sad event which has convulsed our country, with a view to its publication.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. F. EMMONS,
Captain U. S. Navy.

NEW ORLEANS, April 26, 1865.

GEO. F. EMMONS, Captain U. S. Navy:

Dear Sir—Your note asking "on behalf of the Committee of Army and Navy officers a copy" of my Address in commemoration of President Lincoln, at Christ Church, is hereby respectfully acknowledged.

Prepared at one day's notice, it is not what I could wish; still if the gentlemen at whose request it was prepared, think it useful in instruction, or in commending President Lincoln's character to the affectionate regard of his countrymen, or in stimulating them to imitation of his good deeds, I cheerfully comply. I herewith enclose a copy of the manuscript for their service, and remain

Your servant in Christ,

S. C. THRALL.

**"Behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one
that heareth it shall tingle."—I SAM. III, 2.**

SERMON.

This day, in the order of the Church, we should fill up the octave of glorious Easter with holy joy. We gather here with sad and sorrowing hearts instead. A great calamity turns us from the wonted course. A nation's loss begets a nation's wail. A stupendous crime, base in its origin, ignoble in its cowardice, barbarous in its execution, has proved sadly fatal in its termination. It came to all, a crushing, stupefying blow. It hoped to paralyze a nation's head, and, like all such folly, it failed. It reached the man but not the office. "The powers that be are ordained of God," and human malignity can never harm what God wills shall stand. It hoped to break a nation's life—it quickened every pulse anew. It electrified the nation's nerve and hardened every sinew into steel. I had not thought such folly could consort with such malignity.

Even the man it injured not. Death is the common lot—a few hours earlier or later is of small consideration to a noble soul; and to be embalmed in the amber of a nation's memory and love while time shall last, were worth the cutting short a few days more or less. The poor fool sought revenge, and with vaulting ambition so o'erreached himself that he gave earthly immortality of honor to his victim. As intemperate indulgence destroys the sense it gratifies, so crime defeats the end proposed.

But my purpose is not to moralize on crime, or on this occasion to deduce the many lessons which this act teaches. Still less would I waste words on so ignoble a subject as the criminal. The just loathing and contempt in which all sane men hold the crime and criminal, need no stimulant, and for them, language affords no expression. The act startles as though the world's Christian civilization had rolled some ages backward. God grant it may not be an omen of such portent. God grant that it bear no seeds of repro-

duction. This I fear ; for Sin has terrible fecundity and germinating power only less than Deity ; as is witnessed by the world's whole history. All crime has developed from the germinating fecundity of that one sin by which Eve first transgressed the law.

And this thought leads me naturally to a subject which it is my duty, on this occasion, briefly to discuss. It was the wise saying of a heathen moralist that he could not consider any man as alien to himself. The truth which heathen philosophy thus taught, Revelation hath established on firmer ground, by showing us all derived from one original, all joined in the brotherhood of blood ; first flowing to every human being, before his birth, from the pulsation of a mother's heart. It is a subtle tie of unity, incapable of analysis ; still more incapable of rupture. As then in the heroic deeds of a noble man all men are dignified, because he is part of them, and they of him, so too in every deed of deep malignity each man has part. We would then forget the tie. But if we glory in the good ; as having part in them, so too we must remember we bear part in the evil. Each man has part in every crime. It is a truth of nature, birth, in which is bound up our highest hopes. This tie of unity of the race, by blood, binds us to redemption in the Son of God.

This is true in another sense.* No sin descends lower than the social state permits. There is a certain moral density and compactness which holds bad men up, and according to this density will crimes descend and no farther. In the formation of this moral density of the social state, every man bears part in proportion to the toughness of his moral fibre. In each crime, then, and for its commission, every man bears his responsibility. It may be small, but it is real. It bears exact proportion to the man's power to form the moral atmosphere, according to his social position and intellectual gifts. This very crime is at once proof and illustration. Whence comes it but from the moral upheaval and convulsion of a great civil war with which God has chastened a nation's sin, and

* This sense is not different from, and doubtless grows of and is founded on the other. It is from the tie of blood that binds us in unity, that makes us one, each man, part of an unbroken whole, that the evident moral influence of man on his fellow comes. That is but a shallow philosophy which rests it in a fondness for imitation or admiration only, and not in affinity and likeness in the tie of a common blood. It might be easily demonstrated, if time and space permitted.

immorality and forgetfulness of Himself. This is clear to all. It begat the hatred which culminated in the assassination. We abhor the crime. We do well. We do better, to repent of our part of the irreligion, sin and immorality, without which the crime had been impossible. This sin calls for our humiliation, confession, repentance and amendment. As surely as we forget this, so surely in an unchanged moral atmosphere this act will germinate to reproduction, which mere abhorrence of the crime can no way check. I doubt not the actor had once as great and just abhorrence of the crime as we, yet it withheld him not. We do well then to remember that no criminal is alien to us, and no crime foreign to our moral responsibility to God. I press this as the lesson of the occasion; most urgent for our safety as a nation, most important to our Christian character.

The nation is called not only to repentance for a crime which rests on it, but to mourn a great loss—its chief head. I am set to give utterance to your lamentation, when I have not found words in which to tell my own grief. I, with bleeding heart, am set to bind up yours. I lament not the lack of time for preparation, brief though it was, but I bewail the incapacity of expression, which no time will remedy. Grief is most eloquent in silence. This, if it might be, would suit me best. When the Master agonized in the garden till his sweat was blood, how few his words. How in silent wonder did his followers sympathize. *He* was most ready to speak who used words for thrice denial. I cannot express—no words can—the thrill of agony that fell upon my heart, when the mind, stupefied by the first shock of the intelligence, awoke to know its truth; how a faint sickness fell upon me, as though it had come from my own distant household, so nearly did it touch me. How weariness, as of long watching, fell upon my frame, and I yearned for quiet rest, which yet I could not find—that strange, nervous paradox of irritable restless exhaustion, equally incapable of action and repose; that conflicting desire of friendly sympathy and solitude. I cannot tell your grief, I cannot tell my own; you felt it—I felt it. We understand each other by subtler medium than words, as when brothers gather in the home made desolate by a father's loss, and mourn in silent sympathy; heart answering secretly to heart's secret utterance. In such a scene they tell not

their sorrow each to the other. But after sacred silence duly kept, how grateful when some voice in tender accents tells his goodness, declares his generous acts, recounts his noble deeds, lovingly recalls in word-painting, his form and figure, and the lineaments of his face, weaving into memory, through language, the cherished memorials of his character and person. Such is one duty of this occasion. There are those who would not eulogize the dead. But they are hard, unsympathetic natures, of so severe a mould that they are shocked with loving witness, sometimes false, and the fond exaggerations of tender hearts. Not such, David's nature, as witness his lamentation of Saul and Jonathan.* How grandly does he weave their better deeds into heroic song for memorial of them to all time, nobly forgetful of faults and errors: In this work of charity I lament both lack of faculty, and time for right usance of what I have. I would that I could justly honor the memory of him who, in times of trouble, danger, and peril, has won a fame that in the coming ages will shine above all his official predecessors, and need fear eclipse from none who follow after. Incapable of what I would, I cheerfully, at the request of the officers of the army and navy who have lost their late chief, do what I may, and gladly bring my simple wreath of flowers, of wild and wayward growth, to lay with my homage on his tomb.

Having slight, though fondly-remembered personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, I can only touch upon the more public elements of his character. Of his political course, I have no right to speak in this sacred place—as little have I inclination or desire. On such things men may fairly differ. It is of the more essential characteristics of his being that I propose to speak.

These first find utterance in the frame, the figure, and the countenance. He was a stalwart man, rather sinewy than muscular, and, as it seemed, all formed for use. He looked less capable of fatigue than any man I ever knew—perhaps the only public man of the time capable of the tug and strain and wear of this most eventful period. The countenance laid as little claim to mere beauty, as the frame did to grace, yet it was most expressive. The square angle of the lower jaw showed the great

* 2d Samuel, i. 18 to end of chapter, which was the first lesson, in the Morning Prayer, selected for the occasion.

vital energy, which relaxed its hold on the body, only hours after an injury which, to most men, would have proved fatal in as many minutes. I think I never saw a face from which it was so easy to get a likeness that all would recognize, and yet would so little represent the man, in his entireness. It was wonderfully mobile and expressive. It would give longer study, to fairly embody all in one portrait, than any other I have met. None will truly know that face who did not study it in life. One artist only in a thousand could fairly represent it. It was phases only which a picture of him shows.

The brief acquaintance I had with him, gave me small opportunity to know his intellect from personal observation. To judge him by his writings, his face fairly typified his mind. It was like all the man, for use and not display. I have never read English, at once so rhetorically faulty, and so incapable of misconstruction and misapprehension. The style was far from clear, though sometimes vigorous. The thought and meaning was unmistakable. In the many state papers he composed, intimately related to constitutional law, and foreign rights in most intricate complexity; I am told, by professional men, that his proclamations needed in very small degree the constraint of judicial interpretation. In the times he passed through, not to have wholly failed was evidence of great good sense; to have succeeded, as he did, was demonstration of great wisdom. In nothing did he more manifest his intellectual greatness than when he confessed he had no plan or theory for the difficulties with which his administration was surrounded. He had better. He held great principles, and applied them as the occasion demanded. The past four years, God has been working in this land with wondrous manifestations. An ordinary man, with a pet scheme and theory, would have as much deranged the work of God as is it is permitted to such men. He was evidently a great man, providentially raised up for a great occasion.

He was an honest man. I use the word in its largest sense, as describing that quality in man by which he is just, in harmony with justice. He won the title before he gained the Executive chair; and, in the midst of unusual temptation, he wore it with as small assail as often comes to the most favored men. It is the

noble title which will ever be associated with his name and memory. It is one of the noblest man can win. I am told by one who knew him well—one whom he trusted fully—that when urged to change, his answer was, in his own vigorous Saxon; "My word is out." He realized that the word once spoken cannot by any power be unsaid. It was the end of argument. Slow to speak, the word once spoken was to him a law, so far as his own policy and action was concerned.

He was a man of rare fidelity, as an honest man must be. A man of fidelity is a man of faith, who trusts in God and His providence. Settled in certain fixed principles, he showed a most sublime confidence. No hour so dark but he went bravely on. If he saw but one step before him, that step he took, then waited for the way to open for the next. When Saul of Tarsus, blinded by the vision which brought him to faith in Christ, asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the answer was, "Go into the city." There was no revelation of his future work, its magnitude or its success. It was a grand faith which obeyed this and asked no more—which did the present simple duty and waited for the next direction. Somewhat of the same fidelity, in affairs of state, was the late President's. He went as fast and as far as the way was clearly open; and in the darkness, with calm trust waited on the future.

Mr. Lincoln was a man of integrity. I use the word, not as of honesty, but in the true meaning of Entireness—completeness. He was not part of a man, but a whole, entire, rounded man—a man of well-balanced character. It is shown in his bearing in the dark days of the republic, and in the later days of hopefulness. There was as little of despair in the one case, as of hopeful exultation in the other. In the last half of the year 1862, and the first part of 1863, there seemed small hope. Men of stout heart quailed. The nation saw the darkest days of all the past. In two years war there was small token of success. The effort to conquer peace seemed to many, to have signally failed. He gave no sign of fear or doubt. He quietly appealed anew for men and means, as necessary to the time. At his late inauguration all was changed. He congratulated the nation on success with no more confidence than he had appealed to it in

failure. It was a sublime trust in truth and equity, joined with a sweet humility and patience. It was more confidence in a nation's worth than in his own discretion. It is only great natures that can in trial thus throw themselves in confidence on God and on their fellows, and triumph without exultation.

He was a loving man. He showed it in a winsomeness of feature and of manner, by which you approached him freely, not, however, without a feeling of reverence. Too great for envy, and guileless of malice, he gave generous confidence to those who differed from him and his policy, if they were but ready to serve the nation. He trusted honestly, as he would be trusted. For those whom justice compelled him to constrain, with all the power legitimately in his hand, that the nation saw no harm, he bore no evil will; he harbored no revenge. Obedience to law he must needs compel: That done, he asked no more. Their error he thought more one of the head than of the heart. Justice he must secure. Mercy he loved to exercise. His last counsel with his advisers was for clemency. His last purpose was to pardon.

God and good angels love such charity. 'Tis born of Him—akin to them. As the fondest memory of the departed, let us cherish this feature of his character. Greater than his power, nobler than his wisdom, let us make it the mark of our affection—the bright example of our imitation.

THE ARMY AND NAVY AT CHRIST CHURCH.

[From the New Orleans Daily Picayune, April 25, 1865.]

According to previous arrangement, the Officers of the Army and Navy stationed in this Department attended Christ Church on Sunday morning, in full uniform. Gathering at the City Hall at half-past ten, they proceeded in a body to the Church, headed by General Banks and Admiral Thatcher. The display as they entered the sacred edifice and passed up the broad aisle to their seats, filling the entire central part of the building, was touching and imposing—the organ meanwhile giving forth a soft and solemn dirge.

The Church is superbly draped in mourning. The altar table is covered with black cloth, and behind it is a high screen, formed of heavy folds of black drapery, bordered at the top with white lace festoons. The desk and pulpit are fully shrouded in black, and the chancel rails are very tastefully hung with the same, and fringed with white. The marble font, which, on the previous Sunday (Easter), we saw so beautiful in its sumptuous array of spring flowers, is now hung with emblems of mourning. The columns are wreathed with festoons of black and white crape and lace, and the porch is literally canopied with flags. Over the main entrance to the Church there is a handsome display of appropriate mourning.

The services of the day were arranged to suit the solemn occasion. Of course, the Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Easter, were read. But in saying the Morning Prayer, Rev. Mr. Chubbuck and his assistant Presbyter made some variations from the usual order. The first lesson was that touching portion of the first chapter of II Samuel, in which David lamented the death of Saul and Jonathan: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon his high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon! How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle, and the weapons of war perished!" etc. The second lesson was that immortal argument of St. Paul to the Corinthians (1st Cor. XV) in support of the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead.

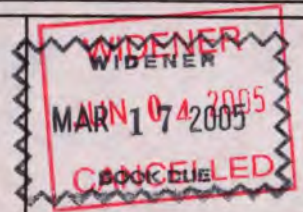
The Psalms selected, instead of those for the day, were the 31st, "In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust," and the 138th, "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee." The Prayers "For a sick person," and "For a person in affliction," the first being specially used with reference to the Secretary of State, and the last to the people of the United States and the family of the late President, were said in the proper place. The introductory sentences before the Exhortation, were those with which the burial service commences: "I am the resurrection and the life," etc.

The music was very touchingly performed by a well-balanced choir. Previous to the commencement of Morning Prayer, that beautiful air of Passiello, "Come, ye disconsolate," was beautifully sung. Instead of the "Venite," the anthem from the 89th and 90th Psalms, from the burial service, "Lord, let me know my end," was sung to a plain chant with great expression. The canticle, "O all ye works of the Lord!" the Song of the Three Holy Children, which they sang as they walked in the midst of the fire, was chanted in the place of the "Te Deum," and the "Benedictus," instead of the "Jubilate." The introit was from the 86th Psalm, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me," to which was finely adapted the beautiful music of the prayer in "Moses." The hymn was the 160th, "When gathering clouds around I view."

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
Thank you for helping to preserve
library collections at Harvard.

